







# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[January 21, 1886.]

## THE LONELY HEART.

BY AUGUSTA SMITH.

In a quiet quiet old day—

There dwelt a lonely heart,  
A heart of youth, of love, and truth,  
Of holy dreams in which he lived—

The old, but small part.

Up through the busy market

His feet would sometimes stray,  
When peasant girls with vine-clad curtains  
Would look at him, but could not stay.

On the lonely street—

“Of the thousand days,  
It seemed to pass through progress stain  
Of pleasure, pleasure, on each pane;  
They did not know him at all!

The heart could not keep him,

Nor yet the world above—

At pale moonlight, at stormy night,  
At hours when stars heath-fires burned bright,

He grieved, but nothing more.

Up where a moon-grown turret

Shone gray and grave there  
The happy men that waded each brook,  
He stood, dressed, wrought, apart from them,  
With not a friend to love!

Years fled with all their changes,

And in that quiet old town  
At last came night in every spot  
For that lone man, and found him not,—  
The quiet heart had flown.

Dead, doubled in the turves,

Unburied and alone!  
Priest, people, mayor, all gathered there,  
While those shadowing up the stair  
With gloomy boughs thrown.

All was in that still chamber

There stood the curious crowd—  
No horrid sight, no dead to fright!  
They looked to left, they looked to right,  
And not one spoke aloud.

Upon the walls, O, wonder!

What glowing visions spread,  
A child's face fair, with merry grace,  
Made weeping mothers love the place,  
Remembering darling dead.

And there the busy market,

With flowers and fruit piled high,  
Where peasant girls with vine-clad curtains  
Stood hawking with the city clerks,—  
It started every eye.

The old cathedral's windows

With every rich worn hue,  
Seemed to present some grand thought meant,  
And here and there smiled some fair saint  
Or some winged face peered through.

And o'er the holy infant

Our Lady bent her head—  
So pure, so sweet, was she to see,  
The priest's perfume dropped on his knee,  
And half an Ave said.

There stretched the deep dark forest,

And there the broad blue sea,  
Where cold waves reach the lone white beach  
They seemed to mean too sad for speech,  
If one paused to think.

Just over in a corner

The master laughed outright,—  
In wig and gown, with pompous frown,  
He from a frame looked sideways down,—  
It was a comic sight!

But O, for home, and O, for love!

This wondrous painter, he  
Who dwelt apart, had yet a heart,  
And here it used such odd sweet art,  
You would have wept to see.

For here the maid he never wooed,

The wife he never met,  
Seated in her place with tender grace  
Down at a little baby face,  
But his was never yet!

None know what fruitless dreams a while

Had thrilled the painter's heart,  
What grief they cost, how sadly lost,  
On what wild waves his life-barque tossed,  
While thus he dwelt apart.

But every charm of earth or sky,

Of woodland or of river,  
His soul had caught, its secret sought,  
And here with rare, fairies wrought  
To gladden men forever!

Out through the ancient turreted door

The silent people came,—  
O, proud are they unto this day  
Of that lone man who built for ay  
The quaint old city's fame.

But if he died, or if he went

Out in the world to dwell,  
O'er seas afar, to lands remote,  
And whether birds his name o'er wrote,  
No one could ever tell!

## THE ASHBERRY'S UNCLE

The Ashberrys were a successful family. We all thought so in the little town of Penzance, where their grandfather had come from some place north, and settled many a year before my time. He was the first root of them, as far as I know, and his children were a dozen strong, all married and settled, with families and businesses of their own. They were so many, people said the Ashberrys had got all the trades among them: grocers and tailors, drapers and habellers, stationers, drapers, and I don't remember what else they were; but every one was driving on and up, enlarging shops, increasing business, and extending connections, till "going on like the Ashberrys" became a sort of proverb in Penzance. They were qualified for going on, and I suppose they deserved it. The Ashberrys were, every one, that sort of people that begin with tenpence halfpenny and die millionaires. If a penny could be turned in any direction, they were the people to turn it. If an advance could be got—mind, I mean in an honest, lawful way—they were the people to take it. Residential houses, well-constructed shops, personal attendance on business, regularly paid accounts, and safe contributions; in short, money, property, and a keen eye to the main

business, made the Ashberrys what they were, and would likely take them to the top of the tree. Such families are the bone and bane of every thriving country that gets rich by work and trade; but there are faults associated on the character, and the Ashberrys had their full share of them. They were no worldly-wise that nothing but getting and keeping had any interest for them; their progenitors, people had tales of over-earning which few and juries could not reach; their workmen and dependents had grievances, in the shape of meagre wages and lengthened hours, which could not be published with safety, but were often discussed in private; and it was generally allowed that what the specific title "the root of all evil" had sent its fibres down, and far into the hearts of the Ashberrys. As with the love of money generally comes the pride of it, they had their share of that too. The town charities were believed to profit by the fact; giving in novel was a business of which nobody accused them; every rise in funds, or in prospects, was made the very best of, and more; and as they increased in grandeur there were goings to the sea-side, magnificent appearances in public, and parties given twice a year or so, which made old folks remember the time their grandfather sold herrings and pilchards from door to door.

It is a rare flock that has not one stray or ill-doing sheep, and there was one among the Ashberrys: Uncle Sampson, he was called, when they did speak of him, which was as seldom as the honest people could, for Uncle Sampson was the diagnosis, that is to say, the poor man of the family. I do not know that he ever went astray, in the common acceptance of that term: strong drink had no uncommon attractions for him, and the one weakness which brought such ill-fate to his mighty namesake of old did not trouble Uncle Sampson's days or keep his purse empty. Yet empty it was, or nearly so, from his youth up. Whether it was that he was naturally deficient in the worldly wisdom so liberally bestowed on all the Ashberrys, or that fortune had selected him as scapegoat for the entire race and name, we all knew that Uncle Sampson had tried a thousand ways of getting forward, but never one with success. Failure and disappointment met him at every turn. If he tried business, something was sure to go wrong in the neighborhood and send him out of it. If he got a situation, his employer would die, or become bankrupt. In short, bad luck attended the man, without any sufficient cause that one could see; for he was an honest, sober, industrious creature, with little pushing and less upholding power, which probably helped to keep him in the background, and mere good-humor, patience, and kindness than all the rest of the Ashberrys put together. Uncle Sampson had married in his day: I never knew an unlucky man that did not. His wife had been an honest, good-natured, hard-working being like himself. They had lived in great harmony, but their wedded life was short, for she died early, leaving him two sons, who turned out regular Ashberrys of the true on-going type, and had by no means a high opinion of their father. The death of his wife, and the failure of one of his many shops, which happened about the same time, had made him give up housekeeping while the boys were yet young, and his brothers and sisters kept them, in a manner, from house to house, till, after looking for situations till he was tired and desperate, Sampson went on board a herring-smack bound for London, could get nothing to do there, and at last turned sailor, going out and coming in with merchant-ships to and from all quarters of the world; sometimes trying little speculations by favor of captains and stewards—for Sampson was popular wherever he went—but never finding one of them successful; occasionally getting shipwrecked, getting robbed, getting into accidents, and stealing back to see his boys, or ask for help sometimes at the most private of the Ashberrys' back doors.

Things had gone in that fashion with Uncle Sampson for more than twenty years. His sons had grown up, got on, and married. The one was a well-to-do tailor; the other kept a draper's shop of some repute and size. I believe the Ashberrys thought they had a right to their constant gratitude for putting them in ways of getting their own living; and the young men had an equally strong conviction that their uncles and cousins had got every penny they advanced out of them. There was no love lost on either side; they were too busy and too prudent people to quarrel openly, but the whole town knew what they, and their respective wives in particular, had to say of each other; yet on one point the Ashberrys tribe, young and old, married and single, were unanimous, and that was in being ashamed and tired of Uncle Sampson. The poor man sneaked to the back doors of his own children, as he did to those of his brothers and nephews. He got lectures from them, every one, in the down-stair rooms; they gave him as little else as they could wish with any conscience; and nobody was ever allowed to know of his being in Penzance: that they could help it—a fact of which spiteful neighbors, who wanted to take the Ashberrys down, were apt to avail themselves, by watching for, and making public mention of, Uncle Sampson's appearance. The lectures increased, and the help diminished in consequence. The Ashberrys were sure it was all his own fault; he was a scrooge, a black sheep, a never-do-well, and he should not be encouraged to come about respectable families.

Uncle Sampson had come and gone, it was supposed for the last time, one winter about Christmas. The season was unusually cold and stormy. The old man had been shaken by an attack of yellow fever at Barbadoes, had lost part of his wages and had got out of employment by a dispute between the owners and the ship going into Chancery, and he was particularly willing to stop and rest in some quiet corner among his old friends and kinsfolk on shore. But none of the present Ashberrys would bear of such a thing: they all had their own families to keep, their respectability to maintain, and their consciences neighbors to keep out of now. He should go to London, he should go to see, since he was fit for no better; a sober man could always get something to do. In short, they would not have him in Penzance; and under the lectures, the scolding, and the grudgingly given help, the old man's patient spirit at length gave way: he turned from their doors with bitter words to sons and brothers, and vowed he would never come back except with money enough to buy them all out of house and home. That vow was registered at the "Pope and Tankard," a small, quiet inn situated in Back Lane, and kept by an ancient but active and honest couple, who had entertained poor travellers there for nearly sixty years, and were reckoned among the oldest inhabitants of the town. The Fords had been acquainted with

Sampson's father at the barbers, and visited him daily, and continued in the same familiarity with his son until Sampson's time. The Fords had not given the first and greatest for their society: many a friendly visit, yet to speak of more substantial considerate, had been paid with them. There were friendly visitors at the "Pope and Tankard," when children and kinmen bidden cordially on the reception, but still poor sailor, and could not have been in their respectable houses by reason of better company. These were delighted visitors to the rather simple young which, in common with all travellers, dispensed delight to spin. His adventures on sea and shore had realized no money: they were, therefore, of no account in the eyes and eyes of the Ashberrys; but the Fords were sufficiently associated with them, ready to applaud the traveler's daring, to believe in all the importance he assumed. Sampson could do that as well as other men, though it was only permitted at the "Pope and Tankard"; and what was more, they believed, as the old man himself did—wholly—had been generally held in extraordinary high— that he would one day come back rich and great, to the consternation of all his owners and the lifting up of his faithful friends. So Sampson confided to them the woful tale of his family's hardness. They had heard many of the kind, and sympathized with him: it was all the poor old people could do, besides giving him a night's lodging and a good breakfast before setting forth in search of another berth before the next; and they also highly approved of and made public Sampson's determination not to come back without his fortune made. His friends and kindred naturally considered the resolution, provided it were kept, a sentence of perpetual banishment from Penzance. Nobody ever imagined that Sampson had any fortune to make, much less the Ashberrys, who were believed to be congratulating themselves on the probability of his being his final exit from the scene of their responsibility.

Three years passed, and, much to the family's satisfaction, nothing was seen or heard of Uncle Sampson; but, about the close of the third, his eldest son, who was the reading man of the Ashberrys, found out from a London paper that the ship in which he had been known to sail had saved the valuable cargo of a French vessel, bound from Havre to New York, and driven on a sand-bank near the American coast, where it became a total wreck. Sampson's ship had saved the cargo and got a liberal salvage from the owners; but of course Sampson was not on board then: he could not be so much in the way of good luck. So his friends and so his kinmen consoled; but in less than a month after the old people of the "Pope and Tankard" had another tale to tell. Penzance, being a seafaring place, is largely frequented by sailors in and out of employment; and one of the latter who had been Sampson's messmate, was an acknowledged scamp, and owed the Ashberrys' determination to keep him in the background, and mere good-humor, patience, and kindness than all the rest of the Ashberrys put together. Uncle Sampson had married in his day: I never knew an unlucky man that did not. His wife had been an honest, good-natured, hard-working being like himself. They had lived in great harmony, but their wedded life was short, for she died early, leaving him two sons, who turned out regular Ashberrys of the true on-going type, and had by no means a high opinion of their father. The death of his wife, and the failure of one of his many shops, which happened about the same time, had made him give up housekeeping while the boys were yet young, and his brothers and sisters kept them, in a manner, from house to house, till, after looking for situations till he was tired and desperate, Sampson went on board a herring-smack bound for London, could get nothing to do there, and at last turned sailor, going out and coming in with merchant-ships to and from all quarters of the world; sometimes trying little speculations by favor of captains and stewards—for Sampson was popular wherever he went—but never finding one of them successful; occasionally getting shipwrecked, getting robbed, getting into accidents, and stealing back to see his boys, or ask for help sometimes at the most private of the Ashberrys' back doors.

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snatched his as he walked away, and thought when a grand gentleman he looked enough there all, and how so young man in the room could compare with this one, who could his favor now so greatly.

"You have not been long with Kate?" he asked when he came back on him; and when she had said "No," he went on to ask her how long, and where had she been, and when had she come; the she was very particular on this last point.

"This is my first party; I have been to the Academy several times."

"With whom?"

"Miss Galton."

"Whom Galton?—had you no gentlemen with you?"

"My children is down at Harrowton," she replied; she did not know that Harold French was very indifferent as to John Galton's whereabouts, and only anxious to know whether they had been to the Academy uninvited, in order that he might find out if Kate were fulfilling her duties of introducing some desirable party to them.

"It's not much use your going to the Academy with Miss Galton alone; she knows nothing at all about pictures; when I can speak to her I will make an appointment to accompany you there to-morrow—she appears to be very deeply interested just now," he continued with a laugh as Kate called into the supper-room on Mr. Linley's name, and then (it was a queer that people took in a sketchy manner, standing up) passed herself against the wall, and continued to converse confidentially.

"I think she is very much interested in his book," she replied.

"What is his book about?"

"I don't know; not Miss Galton, she knows, though she hasn't read it." She said, laughing; "it's a novel, and it's a success."

"What is his name?"

"Linley—I was wondering."

"Oh! Linley—oh, ah! I have heard something about his novel; one of the reviews said that it was the work of a mighty mind accustomed to profound reflections; and another that it was 'full of the clearly-defined thoughts of a hard thinker,'—it struck me that it must be rather dull."

"But it's not dull at all; I should think, from what they were saying, that it must be very amusing; but I was going to say I was wondering whether he could be the same Mr. Linley who, papa says, was in Greece at the same time you were there; did you know him? do you remember him?"

It happened that as then asked this of Harold French, that Mrs. Galton and her cavalier were advancing towards them. The men were face to face, and were naturally looking directly at one another.

"I do not know him," Harold French replied to Theo's question in a tone loud enough, Theo thought, to reach the ears of the man who was spoken about. But the next instant Harold French did know him, for Mrs. Galton introduced her cousin to her new friend with effusion.

The supper-room was rather crowded now, consequently the drawing-room, to which the quadrilateral with whom my story has to do presently returned, was comparatively deserted and free. When they regaled in Kate began to tell Harold that they had had a specimen of "the land of the east and the clime of the sun" there earlier in the evening, and to lament that he had not seen the same.

"And do you know he appeared to be very praiseworthy, not to say stupid and common-place, despite his turban and his wonderful costume," she continued.

Then the author, who did not appear to like the probability of lapsing into obscurity again, said that if she liked he would give them a specimen of eastern story-telling, and endeavor to bring the Orient more vividly before them than Osmanli Efendi had succeeded in doing.

"What will you sit cross-legged on some cushions and tell us a story?" Kate asked; and Mr. Linley said, "Yes, if she pleased—a story with plenty of thrill in it," and forthwith deposited himself in the position she described and commenced;

"It does not matter whether it was one, or ten, or forty years ago that two Franks, two Gloucesters, two infidels wandering about the streets of an eastern city, saw a face at the grating of a well-secured window that struck them both as being lovely as that of the young Hulda; the loveliest, in fact, that they had ever seen. Both men—they were Englishmen—thought that face beautiful as that of Venus herself can be, but the younger and warmer-natured man loved it on the instant.

"It will give a greater air of reality to my story, and save a confusion of ideas respecting which of the men I mean, if I give names both to them and to the place; you agree with me?" he continued, throwing a questioning glance around. "Any names will do; help me to some, Mrs. Galton, for I am in the novelist's usual difficulty; any names will do, my own for one (just to avoid confusion) and yours for the other."

"Thank you"—Harold French had been the one addressed, and Harold French was now the speaker—"but I had rather that you kept my name out of the story."

"As you will," Mr. Linley replied carelessly, "it was only to avoid confusion. Well, I will call them Sington and Burton then. The elder of the two," he went on rapidly, dashing into his story again with velocity, "the elder of the two men thought that face beautiful as that of Venus herself—the younger, warmer-natured man, loved it on the instant."

"I will say that the city was Constantinople; you help me to a description of Constantinople—a photographic description, a description such as will bring the city itself before those ladies!" he added, pulling himself up sharply in his narrative, and addressing Harold French.

"I regret that I cannot assist you, for I never saw Constantinople," Harold replied, and then flushed that he looked annoyed at the attempt to draw him into this "drawing-room entertainment."

"You can't assist me?—good," the man of letters went on glibly. "Briefly, then, the tale of the mosque and minaret has been better told before, so I will spare you the rental; but the window of the house at which this face appeared must be described."

"It was a broad, high, thickly grained window, and from immediately beneath it projected a huge drawer. This drawer revolved, the two men discovered on a nearer inspection, and was used as a sort of bower. That is to say, the frame of the house placed the two in a sort of bower; then open the drawer round, and passively took these articles away,

leaving money in exchange. Forbes, the younger man, had learnt the Turkish language; he could speak it well, and write it indifferently. But the other language that is familiar to their mother-tongue to the women of Bosphorus—the language of flowers—he was an adept in. And soon single sprigs and dainty arranged bouquets were laid contentedly in that revolving drawer, and the girl came oftener to the grating without her gauze on.

"He was a brother and two sisters who dwelt in that house; the brother had been impoverished by the revolution, and the sisters' fate, despite the beauty of the older one, was not destined to be bright. She was to go to the struggle of a small post, an old man against whom she revolved; the younger girl's fate was to be harder and more terrible still—she was to be married for life to some other woman whom no man would buy."

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## CHARLES BETY.

The following extract from the Massachusetts Magazine, for July, 1798, illustrates the antiquity of the oil deposits:

"In the northern parts of Pennsylvania there is a creek called Oil Creek, which empties itself into the Allegheny river, flowing down a ravine, on the top of which stands an oil spring, to which is called Barbadoes tar, and from which may be collected by one man several gallons in a day. The American Indians, in summer, that hunt here, killed at the spring, collected the oil and boiled their jakes with it. This gave them relief, and freed them immediately from the rheumatic complaint, with which many of them were affected. The troops drank freely of the streams; they used as a gentle purge."

"There is another spring in the northern parts of Virginia as extraordinary in its kind as the one just mentioned, called the Burning Spring. It was known a long time to the Indians. They frequently surrounded by it for the sake of obtaining good water. Some of them arrived here one night, and after making a fire, took a torch to light them to the spring. On their returning to it some fire dropped from the torch, and in an instant the water was in flame, and so continued, over which they could not extinguish it, as far as by the greatest fire. It was left in this situation, and continued burning for three months without extinguishing. The fire was extinguished by extinguishing the air from it, or smothering it. The water taken from it has a vessel will not burn. This shews that the fire is generated by nothing more than a vapor that accedes from the water."

"There are two springs high up on the Powatack, one of which has about the same degree of heat as blood running from the veins. It is much frequented by people who have lost their health. The waters are drunk with freedom, and also serve as a hot bath, by which much good has been experienced. The other spring, issuing from the same mountain, a little farther off, is as remarkable for its coldness as the other for its heat, and differs from common springs in many degrees."

So much interest is felt to know where all this oil has been lying hidden for ages, that we submit a theory in reference to it which seems to be the most generally accepted. The Pittsburgh Chronicle, speaking on the formation of petroleum says:—

"We may set it down as an axiom that nature is not only capable of producing now all articles that she has ever produced, but that she is and will continue to produce them until she substitutes something better. Perhaps our meaning will be better understood by applying to a single article. Suppose, for instance, we take the one in which we all have so deep an interest—petroleum. This is known to be a hydro carbon, composed of two gases. These gases are primary elements, indissoluble and exhaustless in quantity. One of them—hydrogen—is a constituent of water, and, of course, is in inexhaustible as the ocean. The other is a constituent in all vegetable forms, and in many of our rocks. One hundred pounds of limestone, when burned, will weigh but sixty pounds. The part driven off by burning is carbonic acid. Underlying the oil rock is a stratum of limestone of unknown thickness, but known to be upwards of one thousand feet in depth. The water falling on the surface and percolating through the porous strata that underlies the oil rock, becomes charged with salt, potash, saltpetre, and other chemical ingredients, and, finally, reaches the limestone rock and decomposes it—the carbon in the rock and the hydrogen of the water uniting to form oil, while the oxygen is not free to ascend to the atmosphere or unite with saltness and form oxygen. The reverse of this process is seen in burning the oil in a lamp—the oxygen in the atmosphere uniting with the carbon in the oil, forming carbonic acid, and with the hydrogen forming water—thus completing the circle. The question is frequently asked, 'When will the oil become exhausted?' We may answer, when the ocean is not before."

BUTTER.—One of the causes alleged of the high price of butter has been the bad posture and the high price of fodder. This at least is accepted by the dairymen and the farmers. But the records of the Agricultural Department at Washington put a quietus to this allegation. Four of the chief butter and cheese producing states show the following results:—In New York butter is five per cent. above the amount made last year; in Pennsylvania it is  $\frac{1}{2}$  tenth above. In both of these states cheese is the same as last year. In Ohio butter is two-tenths above, and cheese one-tenth above; in Illinois butter is  $\frac{1}{2}$  tenth, and cheese two-tenths below last year's production. These statistics prove that instead of producing a less amount of butter and cheese on account of the drought last summer, there is an increase in all the states named in both with the single exception of cheese in Illinois.

FARM LABOR FOR THE NEXT YEAR.—The Agricultural Report from the Department at Washington represents that, notwithstanding the great loss of farm labor, especially in the Western states, the returns show that the usual amounts of wheat, rye, and barley have been sown. The weather has been unusually favorable for putting these crops in, and hence the labor of the country has had a longer time to operate in. It has been equally favorable for the growth of these crops, and should they escape freezing out, the spring will open with the promise of an undiminished yield of these important staples.

Emerson boasts at Mobile that he wiped American commerce from the seas, and that it is rare that the Yankee flag is found floating in foreign waters. The Yankee flag is engaged in putting a stop to rebel communication with the rest of the globe. Emerson took good care to keep out of his way, which is one reason why he saw so little of it. The result of his first encounter with it proved the prudence of his previous avoidance of it.

GOLD POWDER IN THE HAIR.—This fashion, now prevailing both in London and Paris, has the warrant of art in the fact that it is becoming to the generality of complexion. The Venetian painters knew what they were about when they portrayed their handsome countrywomen with gleams of bright light darting amid their locks.

AN AGRICULTURAL FAIR.—A curious ceremony has just taken place in Paris. The heart of Voltaire, the philosopher, which has been carefully preserved by his family since his death, has just been presented to a museum, *Le Cabinet des Médailles*, and has been deposited therewith with great solemnity, two Ministers of State assisting.

SEARCHED AND SEALED.

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"There is another spring in the northern parts of Virginia as extraordinary in its kind as the one just mentioned, called the Burning Spring. It was known a long time to the Indians. They frequently surrounded by it for the sake of obtaining good water. Some of them arrived here one night, and after making a fire, took a torch to light them to the spring. On their returning to it some fire dropped from the torch, and in an instant the water was in flame, and so continued, over which they could not extinguish it, as far as by the greatest fire. It was left in this situation, and continued burning for three months without extinguishing. The fire was extinguished by extinguishing the air from it, or smothering it. The water taken from it has a vessel will not burn. This shews that the fire is generated by nothing more than a vapor that accedes from the water."

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## WHAT'S NEW IN BOOKS.

LOVE SONG. *From a picture of a young girl.*  
BY A GARDENER.

You, I see the soft improvements; you, I see  
for Widder, Sister,  
Hips and very white and whitening, as to be a  
true "Dolce Gomme."  
When in all her full-blown beauty she makes  
you come in the room,  
I'm quite surprised when I meet her, and I turn  
as red as beet.

My conscience not so thinking of the damage on  
her cheek,  
The black-rose were her colors and the tulips  
all too speak;  
If the flower in white, the lily, will be fair he  
cannot live.  
Then the show and he are flattered by being  
flattered to her tree.

She's the standard of perfection, she's a nymph;  
Well, I swear,  
With her violet eyes bewitching and her stream  
of chestnut hair,  
She's the pink of roses, that's his beauty—and  
she lives at Dalton, now,  
Where on Sundays, green and smiling, I transplant myself from Strength.

A gage d'amour I carry her—the sweetest plan  
that grows—  
And blooms that win me prizes at the Horticultural show;  
Or, looking backslidish, I offer "cherries pie,"  
To her I call my pippin and the apple of my  
eye.

Early was the passion planted, deeply rooted it  
grows,  
And I mind a new serious perennial with her  
name;  
But she raked up some old grievance, and a  
muddler came between;  
So I wore the (weeping) willow, and said cutting  
things of Great.

He was bulious in his figure and but ready in  
his clothes,  
His hair was rather curly, and it matched his  
turn-up nose,  
He was older than the lady, and did something  
at a club,  
And I've heard, but this red rose, that he liked  
a little shrub.

Peace be to him, and his ashes, though he never  
cared for trees,  
And tied his stock(s) up tightly in the hands of  
two trustees;  
He was happy, with one drawback, no young  
branches to the vine,  
Which I bear with resignation, as they would  
have soon been mine.

She has doffed her weeds to please me and re-  
sumed geranium bows,  
Through the vista of the future all appears  
calm and rose;  
For she calls me (christened Peter) her sweet P.,  
and blue divine,  
Has named the day when I shall say that she is  
Jesone mine.

## Anecdote of H. W. Beecher.

At a public meeting in New York, a few years  
since, somebody called for "Beecher," who was  
in one of the galleries, and he went down to the  
platform, where he was *far* from welcome. Of  
course he had a pungent beginning; and then  
came a storm of hisses. In vain did he try to  
go on. Every time he opened his mouth he was  
greeted with the same overwhelming opposition.  
Watching his opportunity, he let the indignant  
throng get fairly out of breath, and contrived  
in his dialect fashion—

"You remind me very much of my grand-  
father."

"What his grandfather had to do with that  
meeting avouched general curiosity; and so he  
was allowed to go on."

"My grandfather was a blacksmith; and a  
very poor one, too, I am sorry to say. Once he  
got a fine piece of steel, and said to himself,  
'I will make a broad-axe out of this.' He put  
it in the fire and heated it; and took it out and  
hammered it, and failed. Then he put it back  
in the fire, and heated it again, saying, 'Perhaps  
it will do for a hatchet;' and again he took it out  
and hammered it, and again he failed."

All this time the audience listened, without  
seeing the faintest glimmer of a plow; but one  
was coming. After going through the motions  
of making a hammer, but in vain, Mr. Beecher  
said—

"At last the old man took the hot steel in his  
tongs, and, walking to the water-barrel, said—  
'Well, there is one thing I can do; I can make  
a ploway good hinc.'

After that, Mr. Beecher had the cheerful at-  
tention of his conciliated hearers.

## Decidedly Cool.

A lady, who had a somewhat Bacchanalian  
spouse, resolved to frighten him into temperance.  
She therefore engaged a watchman, for a stipulated  
reward, to carry a "Phialander" to the watch-  
house, while yet in a state of incontinence, and  
to frighten him a little when he recovered. In  
consequence of this arrangement, he woke up  
about eleven o'clock, and found himself on his  
elbow. He looked around until his eyes rested  
on a man sitting by a stove and smoking a cigar.

"Where am I?" asked Phialander.

"In a medical college," said the cigar-smoker.

"What a doing there!"

"Going to be out up."

"Get up—how come that?"

"Why, you died yesterday, while drunk, and  
we have bought your carcass anyhow from your  
wife, who had a right to sell it, for it's all the  
good she could ever make out of you. If you  
are not dead, it's no fault of the doctors; and  
they'll cut you up, dead or alive."

"You will do it, eh?" asked the old ast.

"To be sure we will—now—immediately,"  
was the resolute answer.

"Well—look o' here, can't you let me have  
something to drink before you begin."

"If I was a sheep, Pat," said a farmer  
to his blood-mate, as he observed the sheep lying  
in a steady position, "I would lie on the other  
side of the fence, where it is warmer." "There,  
this," was the reply. "If yo had been a sheep,  
yo would have had more since har yo have  
now."



THE PATENT RESTORER FOR THE HAIR.

(TESTIMONIAL.)

"DEAR SIR.—After six months' use of your valuable preparation, my hair has already recovered its former luxuriance," &c., &c.

## Little Girls.

I cannot well imagine a home more incom-  
plete than that one where there is no little girl  
to stand in the void of the domestic circle which  
boys can never fill, and to draw all hearts within  
the magic ring of her presence. There is some-  
thing about little girls which is especially love-  
able; even their wilful, naughty ways seem  
utterly void of evil when they are so soon followed  
by the sweet politeness that overflows in such  
gracious showers. Your boys are great, noble  
fellows, generous, loving, and full of good in-  
pulse, but they are noisy and demonstrative, and  
dearly as you love them, you are glad their place  
is out of doors; but Junias, with her light  
step, is always beside you; she brings the al-  
lures for papa, and with her pretty dimpled  
fingers unfolds the paper for him to read; she puts  
on a smile no bigger than a fairy's and with  
a smile very mysterious combination of "doll  
rage," fills up a small rocker by mamma, with a  
wonderful assumption of womanly dignity. And  
who shall tell how the little thread of speech  
that flows with such sweet, silvery lightness  
from those innocent lips, twines itself around  
the mother's heart never to rust, not even when  
the dear little face is hid among the delusions  
of many mothers know.

But Jessie grows to be a woman, and there is  
a long and shining track from the half-touched  
door of childhood till the girl blossoms into the  
mature woman. There are the brothers who al-  
ways lowered their voices when they talk to  
their sister, and tell of the sports in which she  
takes almost as much interest as they do, while  
in turn she instructs them in all the little minor  
details of home life, of which they would grow  
up ignorant if not for her. And what a shield  
she is upon the dawning manhood wherein so  
many temptations lie. Always her sweet pre-  
sence to guard and inspire them, a check upon  
profanity, a living sermon on immorality. How  
fragrant the cup of tea she hands them at the  
evening meal; how cheery her voice as she re-  
lates the little incidents of the day. No silly  
talk of indolent bairns, or love of young men  
met on the promenade. A girl like that has no  
empty space in her head for such thoughts to ran-  
ge in, and you don't find her spending the even-  
ing in the dim parlor with a questionable young  
man for her company.

When her lover comes he must say what he  
has to say in the family sitting-room with father  
and mother, or, if ashamed to, there is no room  
for him there. Jessie's young heart has not been  
filled by the pernicious nonsense which re-  
sults in so many unhappy marriages or hasty  
divorces. Dear girl, she thinks all the time of  
what a good home she has, what dear brothers,  
and on bended knees craves the blessings of  
Heaven to rest on them, but she does not know  
how far, very far for time and eternity, her own  
poor example goes, how it will radiate as a  
blazing into other homes where a sister's mem-  
ory will be the consecrated ground of the  
past.

Cherish, then, the little girls, dimpled dar-  
lings, who tear their aprons, and cut the table-  
cloths, and eat the sugar, and are themselves  
the sugar and salt of life. Let these dress and  
undress their doll babies to their heart's content,  
and don't tell them Tom Thumb and Red  
Riding Hood are fiction, but leave them alone  
till they find it out, which they will all too soon.  
Answer all the funny questions they ask, and  
don't make fun of their baby theology, and  
when you must whip them, do it so that if you  
should remember it, it would not be with tears  
for a great many little girls lose their bold  
soul before the door from which they have just  
escaped is shut, and find their way back to the  
angels. So be gentle with the darlings, and see  
what a track of sunshine will follow in the wake  
of the little bobbing heads that daily find a great  
many hard problems to solve.

A WARNING TO ELOCUTE PLATERS.—A young  
man in Rochester, who is fond of snuff, and  
also very fond of the daughter of a pillar of one  
of the orthodox churches, was taking tea at the  
house of his adored a short time since, and had  
some fruit cake offered him. Being somewhat  
confused on account of his situation, as the cake  
was held out to him, he cried out, "I pass!"  
The father hearing him, and having played some  
in his younger days, was horror struck at his  
partiality for gauds, and thought he would  
teach him a lesson. He spoke bluntly, "You  
pass, you do? then I order you up—and there's  
the door: I shall make a march!"

Josh Billings says:—"Tow bring up a  
child in the way he should go—travel that way  
yourself." Solomon couldn't improve on that.

## AGRICULTURAL.

## Flesh in Vegetables.

All vegetables, especially those eaten by ani-  
mals, contain a certain portion of flesh; for in-  
stance, in every pound of wheat flour  
there are ten parts of flesh; in a hundred of  
Indian corn meal there are twelve parts of flesh;  
and in a hundred of Scotch oatmeal there are  
eighteen of flesh. Now, when vegetable food is  
eaten it is to its flesh constituents alone that  
we are indebted for restoring to the body what  
we have lost by muscular exertion. "All flesh is  
green," says the inspired writer, and science  
proves that this assertion will bear a literal interpretation. No animal has the power to create  
from its food the flesh to form its own body; all  
the stomach can do is to dissolve the solid food  
that is put into it; by-and-by the fleshly portion  
of the animal that has eaten it. The starch  
and sugar of the vegetables are either consumed  
burned—for the production of warmth, or  
they are converted into fat and laid up in store  
as future food when required. Grass consists  
of certain flesh constituents, starch and woody  
fibers. If a cow, arrived at maturity, eats green,

nearly, or the whole, of its food can be traced  
to the production of milk; the starch of the  
grass goes to form the human—such the flesh  
appears as comic, or whimsical. When a sheep eats  
grass, the flesh of grain is but slightly modified  
to produce motion, while thousands are converted  
into fat—meat. When a man eats meat or food  
he is merely appropriating to his own body the  
fleshy portion of grass, so perfectly utilized  
by the sheep or ox. The human di-  
mension, like that of a sheep or ox, has no power  
to create flesh; all that it can do is to build up  
its own form with the material at hand. This is  
offered to a workman, and he builds a ship,  
makes a watch-spring, or a master's sword—  
according to his wants, but although he alters  
the form and texture of the material under his  
hand, yet its composition remains the same. He  
as regards flesh, although there be one "flesh  
of men, another of beasts, another of fishes,  
and another of birds," yet their ultimate com-  
position is the same, all of which can be traced  
to the grass of the field or a similar source.  
Flesh, then, is derived from vegetables, and not  
from animals; the latter being merely the sub-  
jects of it. And, as though the plant knew  
that some future destiny waited the flesh which  
it makes, it will not use a particle of it to even  
strect a leaf, a tendril or a flower, but lays it all  
up in the seed.—*Flowers.*

## Browsing Sheep.

Nelson Young, South Addison, Steuben county,  
New York, writes to us that several years  
ago he experimented in browsing sheep in the  
winter, and that he "found if they could have  
plenty of hemlock they would eat no other that he  
could give them." Since then, whenever his  
sheep are kept from the ground a week at a time  
by snow, he has attempted to provide them  
with hemlock. He says, "It would have done  
you good to see my sheep meet me last winter  
when I drew the first hemlock top into the yard.  
Though they had plenty of first rate hay and  
poorly threshed straw, they devoured the hem-  
lock with avidity." Mr. Young thinks it keeps  
his sheep healthy, and that if they have plenty  
of fresh and thrifty hemlock" they will not  
eat more than two-thirds as much hay. He says  
his lambs come late, and that he "does not  
know how it will do for the ewes that suckle  
lambs."

Sheep confined to dry feed soon learn to eat  
hemlock as above described, and they undoubt-  
edly obtain a degree of sustenance from it—but  
whether as much as a third, as our correspond-  
ent supposes, we are hardly prepared to say.

We have known sheep killed by eating hem-  
lock when it was given to them in large quanti-  
ties after a long confinement to dry feed—but  
this never need happen, because it can be given  
more frequently or more sparingly at first.

If the present winter proves a severe one, there  
will be great need of staking out the feed of our  
domestic animals in every possible way.—*Even-*  
*New Yorker.*

## THE RIDDLE.

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